

I lean on the bridge as I make these observations. It is cool and wet. A drop detaches from a beam and hits the water—plink. Everything drips. The bridge, the meadow grass and the trees are all moist. It seems that Creation is one delicate wet cell of which I am the mobile nucleus . . .

I proceed up the road and enter the woods, pushing aside damp branches until I am surrounded by them. I pause. My brain sponges the green joy of the trees. Like men, they stand close together but each separate and remote in the mist. The mist in which men stand is also a dream of lovers . . . it is the possibility of their love for the person next to them.

I place my palm against the bark of an aspen and stare up the trunk into the foliage. Man today is super-conscious of his growth, but not the growth of his conscience. Perhaps he should, as I do now, consider this tree. It has risen not from knowledge of itself, but because it never recedes. What if all growing trees stopped to wonder if they had a purpose?

I spot a huge, uprooted trunk which has lain across the dry, shale brook-bed for many years. Some kind of vine, like man's rationalizations against God, has sprung from the rotting root structure and twined about the thick arms.

I wander through the woods until I stand overlooking a field. Although I have walked in a dream of lovers, the landscape is not distorted, but softened; not fantastic, but real and expectant. A murmur drifts across these plains of light, these surrounding wheat fields, into my glade of introspection. It is of insects, birds, autos, and the unassignable noises of a community waking up. I must leave now, I must go home to breakfast and begin another day of portraying myself.

The blushing mist is ascending.

Interpreting Socrates

Warren E. Teague

“THE unexamined life is not worth living.” These words spoken by Socrates are a fitting epitaph for this renowned philosopher and inquirer into human value and purpose. Socrates' life was the living example of these words and was dedicated to proving their worth. He felt that human life involved more than the satisfaction of physical needs. Of all the creatures on earth, he reasoned, the human being alone was composed of two completely separate entities: the body and the intellect or soul. Recognizing the shallowness of mere physical pleasure and well-being, Socrates endeavored to introduce man to his intellect. Early in his life he realized that for man to be alive he must seek within himself the purpose and true needs of his life. He examined his own life and beseeched others to examine themselves, for he knew they would be dissatisfied with what they found. He asked them to think, to search,

and to seek out that which would satisfy the needs of their souls. To Socrates the soul was the enduring half of man; the physical half was sure to die. Socrates wanted men to search for the truth and by this process he felt they would realize the futility of material satisfaction, because death would end material life and all the satisfactions which sustained it. To search for truth and to inquire into the needs of the human soul was, to Socrates, man's lofty purpose, for only in searching could man find the true value of life.

Time has not obscured the meaning of this utterance by Socrates: "The unexamined life is not worth living." Years, wars, and material prosperity have not destroyed the value of self-examination. On the contrary, as mankind's material wealth increases and leisure time becomes more abundant, the words of Socrates prod us to continue his search for the truth, the purpose, and the true needs of human life.

From My Window on the World

Lisa Nagy

I AM fortunate enough to be in possession of the only window seat on the second northwest corridor of Schwitzer Residence Hall. My room is situated at the front of the building, directly over the verandah, and the French windows are set deeply into the wall, providing a marble ledge approximately two feet wide. My roommate and I have, for comfort's sake, outfitted our coveted nook with colorful throw pillows and, with regard for colder weather, a red plaid lap robe. We frequently refer to this vantage point as our window on the world.

I awake at seven-thirty and draw back the curtains to reveal the world below my window. My gaze travels slowly along West Hampton Drive and pauses for a moment at each house: Alpha Chi, DG, Tri-Delt, Kappa, Theta, Pi Phi. Girls are beginning to trickle from their houses, bound for an eight o'clock class, a simple morning walk, a breakfast date at the "C" Club. The smell of bacon is strong on the crisp morning air. The trees, the grass, the rooftops, the earth itself, seem bathed in dew. The campus, indeed the world, is awakening once more. As I survey the panorama below me, my gaze again sweeps sorority row. I wonder which house, if any, will be mine.

At four o'clock I return from a class, enter my room, and pause at my window on the world. The weather is balmy, and a slight breeze rustles the leaves of the aged maple on the lawn. The first shadows of evening are beginning to descend. Below me, facing the wall surrounding the verandah, some girls are seated. They have spread their high school yearbooks on the ledge before them, and are animatedly comparing past activities. I watch them for a moment, then turn away. My own yearbook is before me on the shelf. I wonder about my high school years: where have they gone? What did they accomplish?